

Stories that Transform Life



Gita Press, Gorakhpur

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tvameva mātā ca pitā tvameva
 tvameva bandhuśca sakhā tvameva
 tvameva vidyā draviṇaṁ tvameva
 tvameva sarvaṁ mama devadeva.

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Publisher's Note

We feel great pleasure in presenting this small book—collection of short stories, written in very simple language to our valued readers. The book contain thirty-one very interesting and educative stories related to great persons of time immemorial.

Human being, by nature, is always a learner and one should always imbibe learning from whomsoever and wherever it comes very attentively. Such lessons are verily available from the life of great persons and great persons are those whose ideals help in uplifting others. Along with introduction of such great persons, important topics related to their life have been scripted in this book. It is hoped that children and youth will be much benefited.

Publisher

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Truthful Emperor Hariścandra

Triśaṅku was a very famous king in Solar dynasty (Sūrya Vaṁśa). His son was Emperor Hariścandra. He was so much well renowned truthful and religious Emperor that Lord Indra, the king of gods, became envious of his renown. Lord Indra instigated sage Viśwāmitra, to test Hariścandra. On the instigation of Lord Indra, by the Yogic power, the sage Viśwāmitra caused such a vision in dream to the King Hariścandra, as if he was donating his entire empire to the sage in charity. Thus, the next day, the great sage Viśwāmitra came to Ayodhya and began to ask for his empire. The king consented to the charity given by him, even though, in the dream and handed over the entire estate to Viśwāmitra.

Hariścandra was the Emperor of the entire earth. He had already donated his entire empire in charity. Keeping it in mind, that it would be improper to continue to live on the land, already donated, he came to Kashi with his wife and son; because it has been described in the *Purāṇas* that Kashi exists on the trident, (Triśūla) borne by Lord Śiva. Hence, in spite of its being on the earth, it is considered not to be the part of the earth.

When the king began to go leaving Ayodhya, Viśwāmitra said—‘Worship, penance, charity etc., are never fruitful unless the Dakṣiṇā is given to the *Brāhmaṇa*. As you have donated such a big empire, give me one thousand guineas of gold more as *Brāhmaṇa’s Dakṣiṇā*.’

Hariścandra had no money with him to give as the donation of the entire estate included in the donation of the

entire wealth of the estate. He begged to provide one month time to pay it off. And then he came to Kashi. There, in Kashi, he sold his wife, the queen Śaivyā to a Brāhmaṇa. The Prince Rohitāśva, a little child then, being moved by his prayer, the Brāhmaṇa allowed the child to remain with his mother. Hariścandra sold himself to an outcaste (Caṇḍāla) and thus, he paid the thousand guineas of gold to the great sage Viśwāmitra as a Brāhmaṇa's Dakṣiṇā.

Now, the queen Śaivyā began to work as a maidservant in the Brāhmaṇa's house. As the servant of the pariah, Hariścandra began to guard the cremation ground, the outcaste had deputed him to realise the tax from those who brought the dead body there for cremation. One day, while picking flowers for worship to be done by the Brāhmaṇa, Rohitāśva was bitten by a snake. The poison of the snake took no time to spread in the whole body and as a result Rohitāśva fell down on the ground and died. There was neither anyone to console the queen Śaivyā nor to carry the dead body of her son to the funeral ground.

Weeping and wailing, she lifted the dead child in her arms and at the dead of the night, she reached the funeral ground all alone. Just when she was going to burn the dead body of her son, Hariścandra came there and began to demand the funeral tax. The poor queen had not even the cloth to cover the dead body of her son. She recognised the king by his voice and began to beseech humbly, 'Your majesty, he is your own son lying dead. I have nothing to pay the tax.'

Hariścandra was deeply moved but he remained firm on his piety. He said, 'O queen ! I cannot deviate from the

path of duty. I am bound to maintain integrity. After giving me something you may burn the dead body of your son.'

The queen burst into tears and said, 'I have only this 'Sari' that has covered my body. You may take half of this.' Just as the queen was going to tear her 'Sari', Lord Indra, Nārāyaṇa, God Himself, Dharmarāja etc. and other gods as well as the great sage Viśwāmitra appeared there. The sage Viśwāmitra disclosed that Rohitāśva was not really dead. All this was displayed by the great sage by his Yogic power. This outcaste was none else but Dharmarāja himself in disguise.

Truth is another form of Nārāyaṇa, the Almighty God. By the power of truthfulness, Hariścandra with the queen Śaivyā reached God's realm. The great sage Viśwāmitra installed the prince Rohitāśva as the king of Ayodhya.

The following famous lines are quoted regarding Hariścandra—

चन्द्र टरै सूरज टरै, टरै जगत व्यवहार।

पै दृढ़व्रत हरिश्चन्द्र को, टरै न सत्य विचार॥

'The moon may deviate, the sun may deviate and the universe may deviate even from the usual path, but the truthful mind of firm firmly determined Hariścandra will not be changed.'



Excellent Charity of the Emperor Raghu

King Raghu was the Emperor of Ayodhya he was the great grandfather of Lord Rāma. All the *Kṣatriyas* of his dynasty are called 'Raghuvamśī, in the continuation of his name, once the Emperor Raghu arranged an unparalleled Sacrifice(*Yajña*). When the sacrificial act was over, he donated his entire possessions including his wealth; property magnificent clothing, ornaments etc. and even the utensils to the *Brāhmaṇas*, the distressed and poor people. He was such a great donator. Only the ordinary clothings were left with him. He began to use the earthen pots anyhow for his needs.

In the sacrifice, when the great king Raghu had donated everything that he had, Varatantu *Rṣi*'s pupil, a *Brāhmaṇa* youth named Kautsa approached him. The great king greeted him bowing his head and seated him with regard. He washed his feet with the water from the earthen drinking pot. After warm welcome, the king enquired. What is your expectation from me? What service should I render to you?

Kautsa said—'O reverend king! I did come here with some purpose no doubt, but you have already donated whatever you had in your possession. I will not put in a fix to such a great character and generous person like you.'

The great king Raghu urged very politely, 'Please, do convey me your motive to come here at least.'

Kautsa narrated that he had completed his study. Then he requested his spiritual guide to tell the honorarium

(*Dakṣiṇā*) before his departure from the hermitage. The venerable teacher spoke to him very affectionately, 'My son! I am highly pleased with the service you have rendered, while staying here. Now, I have already received that honorarium. Don't hesitate. You can go now very happily for your abode.' But when Kautsa insisted to pay the fee to the spiritual guide, the venerable *Guru* was a bit annoyed. He uttered, 'You have learnt fourteen types of knowledges from me. Hence, manage one crore of guineas of gold and give me for each type of knowledge. Kautsa had come to Ayodhya for the fourteen crores of guineas of gold.

Hearing the version of Kautsa, the Emperor urged, 'As you were kind enough to come here, please favour me a bit more to stay here for three days in the place used for the sacrificial fire. It will be a great matter of shock and stigma if *Brāhmaṇa* youth returns from here disappointed. I will certainly manage any how to provide you your required honorarium within three days.'

Kautsa agreed to stay in Ayodhya. Having summoned his secretary the Emperor expressed himself 'All the nobles have already paid their *Dakṣiṇā* in the rite. It is unjustified to recharge *Dakṣiṇā* from them. But Kubera never paid any *Dakṣiṇā* till now. He might be a god. It matters little even though, he lives at Kailasa mountain. So, he must pay the *Dakṣiṇā* to the Supreme Emperor of the Earth. Arrange to keep my all ammunitions in my chariot. I will invade upon Kubera tomorrow in the morning. I will spend my night in the same chariot. I cannot even stay in the palace until the preceptor's honorarium is provided to the *Brāhmaṇa* youth.'

The great king Raghu spent that night lying in the chariot. But early in the morning his treasurer rushed to him and began to say. 'O great king! The Treasury is full with the guineas of gold. In the night it rained with the guineas of gold. The Emperor came to understand that it is Kuberajī who himself has rained the guineas of gold. The great king got the golden guineas in heap and uttered to Kautsa, 'Please possess these guineas and take away'.

Kautsa said, 'I want only fourteen crores guineas of gold for the fee. I will not accept even one guineas more.' The great king then said, 'This wealth has been offered for you. I cannot possess the wealth of a *Brāhmaṇa*. It is you to take all these.'

Kautsya spoke firmly, 'O Emperor! I am a *Brāhmaṇa*. So far as I am concerned, what I am to do with this wealth. I will not accept even one guinea more than required for the honorarium.' Kautsa went away with fourteen crores of guineas. The great Raghu donated the rest golden guineas to other *Brāhmaṇas*.

Devotion of the Emperor Dilīpa to Cow and Guru

The Emperor of Ayodhya, Dilīpa had no issue. One day he, along with his wife went to the hermitage of *Guru Vasiṣṭhajī* and expressed earnestly their desire to be blessed for a son. The great sage Vasiṣṭha came to know the reason of his being deprived of son with his Yogic vision and said, 'O the great king! When you were coming back from the heaven to the earth after meeting Lord Indra, the king of gods, you failed to bow your head before the Kāmadhenu (the cow of plenty). Due to being in haste you could not be aware of the presence of the Kāmadhenu. Kāmadhenu has cursed you not to be blessed with any son until and unless you serve with devotion to her offspring.

Emperor Dilīpa said—'O *Gurudeva*! All the cows are the offspring of the cow of plenty. To serve a cow is a great virtuous act. I will serve cows with great devotion.'

Vasiṣṭhajī pointed out—'In my hermitage, the cow named Nandinī is the daughter of Kāmadhenu, devote yourself to her.'

The Emperor went to the forest following Nandinī. He was standing with Nandinī when she was standing, and when she moved, he followed. He paused to sit when she was sitting and he drank water after she had drunk water. He always remained vigilant not to allow even a fly or mosquito to sit on her body. He returned back with Nandinī to the hermitage of the saint in the evening when she came back. The great queen Sudakṣiṇā was offering her worship to the cow daily in the morning and evening. She lit the

earthen lamp beside her in the night and the great king lay down to sleep on the ground in the same cow-shade beside the cow. Thus, the Emperor Dilīpa dedicated his services to Nandinī for a month very attentively and diligently.

When one day, the devotional service of the Emperor was going to be completed, the Emperor's mind was diverted in watching some beautiful flowers and in the meanwhile Nandinī went onward. Within a few moments the pathetic lowing of the cow was heard. Rushing very fast when the Emperor reached there, he happened to see that near a cascade a giant lion had captured the cow under its paws. The great king stretched his bow with the arrow to kill the lion, he found that his right hand was stuck up in the quiver while taking the arrow out.

There was no bound of the great king's astonishment. The lion spoke in the human language—O great king! I am not a common lion. I am the devotee of Lord Śaṅkara please, don't try to remain here and go away. It is not sin to give up the effort, if it is beyond the capacity to fulfil it. I am hungry. Fortunately, this cow has come to be available here. I will appease my hunger with this cow.

The Emperor urged very meekly—'You are the devotee of Lord Śaṅkara so, I bow my head before you. Only the instant conversation with noble persons and the instant company of such nobles, create friendship and closeness. As you have favoured me to give your introduction, kindly now do favour me a bit more to be kind to release this cow and instead of this cow, please, appease your hunger by swallowing me.'


The lion tried his best to convince the king that an Emperor should not give up his life for the sake of a cow.

He can donate thousand of cows to his *Guru* and at the same time he can look after and protect even thousands of cows too; but the Emperor Dilīpa was bent upon his words. He preferred to give up his own life to save the cow to be killed in his shelter. It was acceptable to him to sacrifice his own life to save the cow. At last, the lion accepted his proposal to release the cow accepting him in her place. The stuck up hand of the king to the quiver was set free. He kept away the bow and quiver and handed over himself bowing his head down before the lion.

The Emperor Dilīpa was expecting that the lion would then jump over him in endeavour to tearing him. But the rain of flowers started showering from the sky instead. Nandinī, then called upon him in the human language—‘O great king! now, be straight. There is no lion here—I have displayed this illusion to test you. Now, please, drink my milk after milking me in leafy cup. A very worthy, glorious and ardent son will be blessed to you.’

The Emperor came in normal position. He bowed his head before the cow of plenty (*Kāmadhenu*) and with folded hands said—‘O mother! First of all your offspring is entitled to have your milk, and then the *Guru* has right on the rest of milk. I can dare to take a little of the milk after reaching the hermitage of the sage by his permission.’

Nandinī too, was very much pleased by his devotion to *Guru* and great faith in piety. By the order of the *Guruji*, the great sage *Maharṣi Vasiṣṭha*, the great Emperor, drank some milk of Nandinī in the evening after coming back to hermitage.



The Emperor Śibi—A Protector of Shelter-seeking Beings

One day, the Emperor Śibi, the great king of Ushinar empire was sitting in his court. At the same time, flying over, a pigeon fell down into the lap of the king and began to hide itself under the clothing of the king. The pigeon seemed to be greatly horrified, the king caressed it with his hands affectionately and patted it.

Just after, a hawk came there flying and following back the pigeon and sat before the king. In the human language the hawk appealed to the king. 'You are king, very well known for justice. You are not expected to snatch anyone's prey for food. This pigeon is my food stuff. Kindly hand it over to me.'

The king Śibi said—'You speak in the human language. You can never be a common bird. But whatever you are, this pigeon has come in my shelter. I will not sacrifice it, who is at present under my shelter.'

The hawk said—'I am very hungry. Why do you want to (to starve me to death) take away my life, having snatched my food stuff?'

The king Śibi said—'You can save your life by any other sort of food stuff. Why is it necessary to kill merely this pigeon? How much meat do you require?'

The hawk began to say—'O great king! Whether this pigeon or any other creature, but the meat can be available only after the killing or sacrifice of one's life. All the

creatures are your subject and every one is under your shelter. If any one, out of them, is to be killed, what is wrong to kill this very pigeon? I am the creature to eat fresh meat and I never eat impure meat. I have no greed even. Please give the same weight of fresh meat of any holy creature, equal to this pigeon after weighing it on a balance. My appetite will be appeased.'

The king pondered over and said—'I will not kill any other creature. I will offer you the meat of my own-self.'

The hawk said—'Being the Emperor, why do you sacrifice your own body? Do think over again.'

The king said—'O hawk! You are concerned only to appease your hunger. Take the meat of my body and appease your hunger. I have seriously and carefully thought over. My body is not immortal. There can be no other better use of this body than to donate it to save the life of a creature who is under my shelter.'


By the order of the king, a balance was brought there. On one side of the scale the pigeon was seated and the king cut his left arm with his own hand and put it on the other side of the balance. But the side of the pigeon did not come up and remained there touching the ground. The king Śibi cut one of his legs and put it on the balance and even then the pigeon proved to be heavier, he cut his another leg also and put it there. Even then the pigeon side balance remained stuck to the ground. The body of the king Śibi drenched with blood but the king had not the least remorse. Then after, he seated himself on the scale and said to the hawk—'Now appease your hunger by eating my body.'

Now the side of the scale, the king was sitting on,

became heavier and had touched the ground and the side of the pigeon went up. But at the same time every one saw that the hawk had appeared in the guise of king of gods, Indra manifestly, and in the disguise of pigeon, the god fire was standing manifestly in his own shape. The fire god said—‘O Emperor! You are such a great holy person that what to talk of mine rather than anyone else in the world can never be imagined to be parallel to you.’

Lord Indra restored his body in its previous state and said—‘In fact, we disguised ourselves as a hawk and pigeon to test your piety. Your glory will remain immortal.’

Both the gods praised the great Emperor and blessing him, disappeared.



Hospitality of Emperor Rantideva

The king Rantideva, the son of Emperor Saṁkṛti was renowned for his hospitality. Only the particular one who has experienced over the situation of visiting some one in a journey, being tired, hungry and thirsty, knows and can imagine the mental condition of such one who is tired, thirsty and at the pick point of starvation in a journey, approaches a house, it falls before his eyes sight. To provide honourably the seat to sit on, to greet him with sweet words meekly, to provide him water to wash his hands and feet and to quench his thirst and if possible to offer him meal, is praiseworthy and a virtuous act. The entire spiritual virtue of the man is washed away, if he insults and returns back the guest disappointed. The king Rantideva was such a kind hearted host as he provided the desired object of the guest just, when he smelt his desire. Thousands of guests came to him daily. Thus, his treasury went empty by donating his wealth continuously. He became a pauper.

The Emperor Rantideva left the palace when he became penniless. He, along with his wife and his son began to roam through the forest. A *Kṣatriya* is restricted from begging of alms, so he, with his wife and son passed their lives by using the roots of different sorts, fruits etc. as substitute. If something was got unasked for, he accepted it. While moving onwards, the Emperor Rantideva happened to reach such a forest, where there was nothing eatable, not even the roots of any sort, fruits or leaves even. There was

not even a drop of water available in the forest. The queen and the prince began to writhe in pain due to hunger. Their throats chocked for want of water. They did not get even a drop of water completely for forty eight days.

On the 49th day, the great king Rantideva had reached out of the forest. Someone belonging to the suburb nearby, offered him a dish of rice boiled in milk, mixed with ghee and sugar, a sweet made of flour, ghee and sugar and fresh water with due respect. Very calmly, the Emperor Rantideva accepted all these and offered the food to God. Even after the starvation of forty eight days and being on the verge of death, the king was in a remorse internally even then to think that he was bound to partake of the food but without offering it to any guest.

The very moment a *Brāhmaṇa* reached there. He was hungry. He demanded food. The Emperor Rantideva felt very happy and with great respect he fed the *Brāhmaṇa*. After the *Brāhmaṇa* had gone after eating to the full of his satisfaction the Emperor provided the rest food to his wife and son, as per their share. He was going to eat his own share just then a hungry man of low caste happened to reach there.

The king fed him, too. But just after, when the man of low caste departed, another guest happened to reach. There were many dogs with that guest and his dogs were also hungry. The king gave away the entire food to the guest and his dogs. Now, only a little water was remaining with him.

Unfortunately, he was too unlucky to drink that water even. He was on the point of dying due to thirst of water.

But just as he was going to drink that water, a pariah happened to come crying, 'O great king! I am untouchable outcaste. My life is at stake due to thirst. Please be kind enough to provide me two mouth fulls of water to drink.'

Tears came into the eyes of the king Rantideva. He prayed to God—'O God! If there is any fruit of my virtuous act of offering this water, let it be utilised in removing the grief of the grieved prople of the world.' With great love, he made the outcaste drink the little remaining water.

Just when the pariah departed, the Emperor Rantideva fainted and fell down on the ground. But at the very moment Lord Brahmā, Lord Viṣṇu, Lord Śaṅkara and Dharmarāja appeared there. These gods, themselves were the *Brāhmaṇa*, the low caste man, the guest surrounded by the dogs and the pariah wretch and they had come to Rantideva in disguise. By virtue of his hospitality towards the guests, Emperor Rantideva was blessed with vision of God.



Guest-worship

Long long ago, a *Brāhmaṇa* family used to live near Hastinapur. The family consisted of four persons—the *Brāhmaṇa* himself, his wife, his son and the daughter-in-law. The *Brāhmaṇa* picked out the grain left-over from the field after the peasants had reaped the crop of the field. The family of the *Brāhmaṇa* depended on that grain to live upon. *Brāhmaṇa* as well as all the members of that family were contented, great devotee to God and considering the guests as god.

Once, famine befell upon in the country. There was no production in the field at all. In spite of roaming in the field in search of grain throughout the day, the *Brāhmaṇa* did not find the grain to appease the appetite of even single one. But whatever the grain was possible to be available, the *Brāhmaṇa* lady, used to grind it and having offered it to God, shared it among all the members to eat. Due to continuous fasting all the members of the family had become feeble and weak.

One day, the *Brāhmaṇa* went on wandering in the field, at last he could find a little grains of barley. After coming back home, the *Brāhmaṇa* lady ground the barley. It turned to be a handful of flour. Having offered it to God, they had themselves shared it and sat down to partake of it. At the very time, a hungry *Brāhmaṇa* guest happened to come at the door. With due respect the *Brāhmaṇa* greeted him, washed his feet and offered him the share of the flour of his own-self to eat.

How was it possible to appease the *Brāhmaṇa's* appetite

with a pinch of flour? The *Brāhmaṇa* lady came there gave her own share also. The *Brāhmaṇa*'s son too gave his own share and then in the last, the *Brāhmaṇa*'s daughter-in-law also came to offer her own share to the *Brāhmaṇa*. The *Brāhmaṇa* said to the daughter-in-law—'Daughter! You have grown too weak due to appetite. If you continue your fast any longer, your life will be in danger. Don't offer your share.'

The daughter-in-law of the *Brāhmaṇa* said—'Father! A guest is in the manifestation of God Himself. The guest worship is a very virtuous act.' It is not possible to allow a guest remain hungry, having food stuff with me for the sake of my life. How it is proper to do so? I am following the same holy track which you elder people showed to me.

The daughter-in-law of the *Brāhmaṇa* offered her own share of the flour too, to the *Brāhmaṇa*. The *Brāhmaṇa* consumed even that flour and demanded water. When the *Brāhmaṇa* intended to provide water to him, he was astonished to see that his hut was full of divine light and on the mat made of sacred grass provided to the guest to sit on, Dharmarāja Himself was sitting there instead of the guest.

By the merit of his virtuous act, the *Brāhmaṇa* including his family members went to the abode of God seated in a chariot. A mongoose lived there in the hut of the *Brāhmaṇa*. That mongoose continued lying in the hut that day. When the guest had chucked the flour into his mouth, a few little particles of the flour had fallen on the ground. By the touch of his body to the particles of the flour, half of the body of

the mongoose turned to gold and acquired the power to speak in human language.

When in the Indraprastha, Dharmarāja Yudhiṣṭhira performed a very big sacrifice, that mongoose came up there after the completion of the sacrifice and kept lying on that ground, but the remaining part of his body did not turn to gold. That mongoose narrated the story to the Pāṇḍavas—‘The king Yudhiṣṭhira is a highly righteous, generous and worshipper of guests; yet the effect of the particles of the flour of that *Brāhmaṇa* is somewhat unparalleled. This big sacrifice cannot stand equal to the particles of handful of the flour of the *Brāhmaṇa*.’



Renowned Sage Dadhīci

Dadhīci was born to Śānti, the wife of sage Atharvā. From the very childhood, Dadhīci was calm, beneficent, and God's devotee. It always suited him to remain busy in penance and adoration of Lord Śaṅkara. Being some grown up, he went away to engage himself in penance seeking permission from his father and remained engaged in penance for hundreds of years on a holy peak of the Himalaya mountain.

When Vṛtrāsura, the son of Twaṣṭā captured the heaven after defeating the gods, and the gods found no way to win that demon, they took the shelter of Lord Nārāyaṇa (Bhagawān Nārāyaṇa). Lord Nārāyaṇa said to the gods—'There is none born on the earth to kill Vṛtrāsura by the means of an ordinary weapon. He was a devotee of Śeṣajī in his previous birth. It is only Lord Indra who can kill him by thunderbolt made of the bones of sage Dadhīci. The sage Dadhīci has performed such a severe penance that his bones have acquired boundless strength—he is such a great beneficent that he is sure to offer his bones, if demanded.'

It was beyond the capacity of anyone to kill an ascetic like sage Dadhīci. The gods were acquainted with his rage and they were aware of the fact that he could burn anyone to ashes in rage. So, all the gods went to his hermitage. The sage welcomed all the gods and worshipped and then asked—'What has motivated all of you to come here?' Lord Indra, the King of gods urged—'Vṛtrāsura has captured our entire household. Being in great agony we have come in your shelter. The noble persons even taking suffering on

ownelves, free others from their sufferings.'

The sage Dadhīci said—'I am a *Brāhmaṇa*. It is against my nature as well as it is not my duty to wage war. The demon has not assailed me any harm and thus, it will be sin to curse him.'

Lord Indra said—'We, all have come here to appeal you to give us your bones so that by using your bones we will get thnderbolt and thus, we will win *Vṛtrāsura*.'

After Lord Indra became silent but sage Dadhīci was very much pleased. He spoke—'It is extremely appreciable. Death is inevitable. Everyone has to die one day. What better will it be to die for the well-being of any other one? I am just going to give up my life leaving my bones for your sake. Be pleased to take my all bones.'

The sage sat on the mat of the sacred grass, closed his eyes and left his body by Yogic power. The cows of the forest reached there and licked his entire body. Viśwakarmā made the thunderbolt with the bones. Lord Indra killed *Vṛtrāsura* with the same thunderbolt.

The sage Dadhīci became immortal by sacrificing even the bones of his body for the well-being of others. So long as the earth exists, people will remember him and will bow their head in his honour.



A Kind-hearted King

Once there was a righteous and kind king; but unknowingly and by mistake he happened to commit a sin. After his death the messengers of lord Yama came to take him away. The messengers did not cause him any suffering. Lord Yama had instructed them merely to bring the king honourably by the ways passing through close to the hell. This was the only punishment to the king for the sin committed by him by mistake.

The king was very much perturbed hearing the hue and cry and weeping and screaming of those being in the hell. When the messengers reached near the hell; they began to pass from there hastily. At the same time the creatures lying in the hell prayed to him shoutedly—‘Your Majesty! May God bless you! Kindly stay here for some time. The pain and tormentation, we suffer here, is removed completely by the touch of the air that comes to us after touching your body, we are feeling very comfortable here.’

Hearing the prayer of the hellish creatures, the king said—‘Friends! if you feel comforted because of my stay here only, I will remain here firmly like stone. I have not to move ahead at all.’

The messengers of Yama said to the king—‘You are devout. This is not the place for you to stand. For you very superior place has been reserved in the heaven. This is the place for the sinners. Please, make haste to depart from here.’

The king said—‘I don’t want heaven. I will prefer to be tormented here and remain thirsty and starving if my merely sufferings becomes the means of the comfort for all the

creatures here. The pleasure I will feel in providing the comfort to others and safeguarding them, cannot be enjoyed in the heaven or in the abode of Brahmā even.'

At the same time Dharmarāja and Lord Indra appeared there. Dharmarāja said—'O king! I have come here to take you to the heaven. Now accompany me to the heaven.'

The king said—'I will go nowhere till these creatures of the hell get rid of their pain and suffering.'


Dharmarāja said—'All of them are sinners. They have not done any holy act. How can they be released from the hell?'

The king said—'I donate here my all virtuous and noble deeds to them. Kindly, carry them to the heaven. I will remain alone here in the hell in place of these creatures.'

Hearing the words of the king, Lord said—'All these creatures in the hell have become free from pain by the blessings of your virtuous acts. Watch and see they are proceeding towards the heaven. Now, you too, start for the heaven.'

The king said—'I have already donated the merit of my virtuous deeds, how and why do you ask me to go to the heaven?'

Smiling Lord Indra said—'Charity does not decrease, instead it increases by doing the charitable deeds. You donated the entire merit of virtuous and holy doings. This charity has earned the highest merit. Now do accompany me.' The king went on enjoying the pleasure of heaven for unlimited period because of showing kindness to the suffering creatures.



The Truthfulness of Saint Likhita

There were two saint named Likhita and Śaṅkha. They both were the own brothers. Both lived in the separate hermitage of their own and adored God. Both of the saints were very learned and had deep knowledge of the code of precepts having religious sanction. They had originated many *Smṛtis*. Śaṅkha Muni was the elder brother and Likhita was the younger one. Once, Likhita Muni visited the hermitage to meet his elder brother. At that time Śaṅkha Muni had gone to the forest. Likhita Muni was feeling extremely hungry, Likhita Muni plucked one ripe fruit from one of the tree of his hermitage and began to eat it. In the mean while Śaṅkha Muni reached back there, he was pleased to see his younger brother but at the same time he felt pained also to see a fruit in the hands of his brother. He asked—‘Likhita! Where did you find this fruit?’

Likhita Muni answered—‘Respected brother! I have plucked it from one of the trees of this hermitage.’

Śaṅkha Muni said—‘In which category will this act be counted if taken anything belonging to other one without his permission?’

Likhita Muni said—‘Such an act will be considered the act of theft.’

Śaṅkha again enquired—‘What treatment should be given to him if he has committed the theft?’

Likhita spoke—‘He should present himself before the king and disclose his sin to him and bear the punishment given to him for doing that sin. He becomes blameless after bearing the punishment of the wrong done by him. If he

does not bear the consequences of his wrong doing in this mortal world, after death he is carried by the messengers of Lord Yama to the hell and cause him severe tormentation.'

Then, Śaṅkha Muni said—'You have committed the sinful act of theft by plucking the fruit from one of the trees of my abode without my permission.' Now go and present yourself before the king, disclose your sin, bear the punishment given by him and then come back here.'

Likhita Muni reached the king's court after departing from there. The king greeted him and bowed his head before him and began to offer him greetings, but Likhita Muni checked the king from greeting him. Mentioning his guilt he urged to the king—'Your Majesty! Kindly punish me.' The king said—'On one hand a king can punish anyone but on the other hand he has right to pardon him also. I hereby, pardon for the guilt done by you.'

Likhita Muni said—'The code of precepts are framed by the sages. The moral duty of the king is to implement it to let it be followed by his subjects. I have not come here to beg pardon from you but my purpose to come here is to bear the consequences and punishment of wrong doing. My elder brother has directed me to come here with great affection by leading me to my duty. Convict me for my offence.'

The king was compelled to act upon the stubbornness of the hermit. Those days the punishment of committing the theft was to cut both the hands of the culprit. By the order of the king, the executioner cut both the hands of the Muni, Likhita Muni did not feel the least agonized by getting his hands cut. He came back to the hermitage gladly and said—

‘O my brother! I have now already borne the punishment of my guilt.’

Śaṅkha Muni embraced him and said—‘You did very well. Let us now take bath and do such worship.’

After bath in the river just as the Likhita Muni moved his cut hands forward to offer libation to the ancestors, instantly his original full hands came out. He understood that it was the grace of his elder brother out of his love and affection. He enquired very politely—‘O my brother! If my hands had to be grown ultimately then why you, yourself, did not cut my hands?’

Śaṅkha Muni said—‘To punish anyone is the right of a king. If any other one meets out punishment, it will be a sin on his part. But showing kindness is always noble. So, by showing grace to you, I set your hands right.’

Without permission to take anything of others is an act of theft. We learn this very well moral from this story.



The Generosity of Karṇa

Once, Lord Kṛṣṇa was conversing with Pāṇḍavas. The Lord Kṛṣṇa was praising the generosity of Karṇa again and again. Arjuna did not like it. Arjuna said—‘O Lord! There is none more generous than my elder brother Dharmarāja, then why do you praise Karṇa so highly in comparison to him?’

The Lord said—‘This I will make you clear later on.’ After some days taking Arjuna with him, Lord Kṛṣṇa, disguising as a *Brāhmaṇa*, reached the gate of Dharmarāja Yudhiṣṭhira’s palace. He said to Dharmarāja—‘I want one maund of dry sandal wood. Be kind enough to provide.’

It was raining cats and dogs that day. Undoubtedly, the wood would be wet if it was brought from anywhere. The Majesty sent his servants in the town; but it was the chance that more than one or two kg. of dry sandalwood could not be available. Yudhiṣṭhira requested with folded hands—‘Today the dry sandalwood is not being possible to be availed. If you want any other thing, it can be provided at once.’

The Lord said—‘We want nothing else. May the sandalwood be available or not but we want no other things.’

From there in the same *Brāhmaṇa*’s disguise he reached Lord Karṇa with Arjuna.’ Karṇa greeted them wholeheartedly. The Lord said, ‘I want one maund of dry sandal at once.’


Karṇa seating both the *Brāhmaṇas* on the mat of sacred grass and worshipped them. Then drawing his bow he discharged the arrow one by one, broke the valuable doors, the bars of the door and costly wooden beds etc. and there was the heap of sandalwoods. Seeing this, the Lord

Kṛṣṇa said to Karna—‘Why did you waste so valuable materials only for dry sandalwoods?’

Karna spoke with folded hands—‘It is raining at present. It will be delay if the woods are brought from out side. You will have to stay. The wood will be wet also. All these things will be made again but if the guest returns disappointed from my door or he is pained, will cause me a great anxiety. This pain can never be removed.’

Lord Kṛṣṇa blessed Karna to be glorious and departed from there with Arjuna. Having come back, the Lord said to Arjuna—‘Arjuna! Mind it, the gate, doors and the base of doors of Yudhiṣṭhira’s palace all are made of sandalwood. Other materials of the palace also are made of sandalwood but even on my demand of sandalwood Yudhiṣṭhira did not think of giving those things but on the other hand Karna offered the sandalwood breaking all the valuable woods used in his palace, just on the demand of only dry wood. Karna is generous by nature but Yudhiṣṭhira stands firm on righteousness after pondering over it. That is why I praise Karna.’

This story teaches us that we should shape our nature with noble traits of beneficence, generosity, sacrifice and doing noble deeds, those who do not do noble deeds always and remain thinking to do any noble deed or to make any great sacrifice or do the other’s welfare on any special occasion, fail to understand how to make that great sacrifice. Those, who make their nature with the virtue of sacrifice and beneficence, even on the occasions of no importance, become successful in doing great deeds.



Not to Find Fault in Others

One day, one of the pupils of Lord Buddha bowed down his head to the feet of the Lord and stood with folded hands. The Lord asked him—‘What do you want?’

Pupil—‘If my Lord allows me, I want to wander and visit the world.’

Lord—‘People are of both kinds—good and bad, the bad people will always blame and criticize you and abuse you. How will you feel then?’

Pupil—‘I will consider them very good persons because they, neither threw dust upon me nor slapped me.’

Lord—‘Some of them may throw even dust and slap too.’

Pupil—‘I will call them also as good persons as they did not use stick to beat me.’

Lord—‘You may have to face a few to beat you with stick also.’

Pupil—‘They will also seem to be good to me because they don’t use weapon against me.’

Lord—‘This is a very big country—cheaters and robbers live there in the forests. The dacoits may use even weapons to attack upon you.’

Pupil—‘Even the dacoits seem to be kind because they left me to remain alive.’

Lord—‘How do you know that the dacoits spare your life. They may kill you even.’

Pupil—‘This world is full of sorrow. To remain alive in the world for a long time, means to bear only sufferings, to commit suicide is a great sin. But if any other one kills, it means it is his kindness.’

Hearing the words of his pupil Lord Buddha became very much pleased. He said—‘Now, you are fit to go on tours. A true monk is he, who never finds fault of others, and who never considers anyone bad in any situation. One who never finds any blot in anyone and considers everyone noble and good, is worthy of being a wandering ascetic’

To consider other bad and scrutinise their shortcomings, is a great fault. Everyone should escape from such a vice.



The Prince Kuṇāla's Self-control and Forgiveness

The name of Emperor Aśoka is famous in the History. The name of one of his sons was Kuṇāla. The prince Kuṇāla was humble, courteous, obedient and filial devotee. The subjects liked the prince Kuṇāla very much. The prince too always used to make efforts for the welfare of his subjects. The wife of the prince Kuṇāla, Kañcanā was a chaste wife and very meek and noble.

The name of the Emperor Aśoka's younger wife was Tiṣyarakṣitā, the Emperor loved and liked her very much; but she was not of a good character. She had gone mad being attracted by the beautiful eyes of the prince Kuṇāla. The prince regarded his stepmother also as his own mother; but Tiṣyarakṣitā was not satisfied with it. One day, getting an opportunity, she met the prince alone in a secluded place and began to express the hidden feelings of her heart. The prince urged with folded hands—‘O my respected mother! I regard you just like my own mother. You should not speak any such version which is unjust.’

Tiṣyarakṣitā tried her best; but Kunal did not raise even his eyes to see her face and remained seeing her feet. At last, Tiṣyarakṣitā burst into anger and said—‘I will smash your arrogance. I will get your beautiful eyes gouged out taking it out. Otherwise even now agree to my proposal.’

Kuṇāla said—‘O my mother! Such a great sin will not be possible to be committed by me. Whatever punishment is given by you, will be accepted by me considering it as your gift.’ After this version Kunal went away from there.

Tiṣyarakṣitā became mad in anger or her anger was out of control. From very that day, she began to find any opportunity to take revenge of her insult.

By chance, some rivals created chaos in neighbouring area of Takshashila. The Emperor Aśoka did not do anything without seeking advice from the queen Tiṣyarakṣitā. The queen advised the Emperor to send Kuṇāla with the army to Takshashila to suppress the enemy. The Emperor sent Kuṇāl to Takshashila. The wife of Kuṇāla, Kañcanā, also accompanied him.

After the departure of the prince, Tiṣyarakṣitā wrote a letter addressed to the army commander. The Emperor Aśoka had blind faith in the queen. The official stamps of the Emperor used to be in her possession. Tiṣyarakṣitā stamped the letter in the name of the Emperor and sent the letter to the army commander of Takshashila through an official.

In Takshashila the prince had compelled the rivals to run away. The people there had begun to treat him like god because of his good behaviours. When the army commander received the letter, his astonishment had no bound. He showed the letter to the prince. The prince Kuṇāla said—‘O army commander ! This is the letter of the Emperor. There is stamp of the Emperor on this letter. Obey the order of the Emperor now.’

The army commander said—‘O prince! It is not possible for me to obey such a harsh order. I don't understand how the Emperor ordered to gouge your eyes out.’

Kuṇāla said—‘It does not matter how such an order was given but after all it is the order of the Emperor. It must

be implemented by you and me too. But the army commander did not grace to gouge out eyes. At last, in regard of his father's order, the prince Kuṇāla pierced the iron-rod into his eyes.'

Being blind the prince set out from Takshashila. There was none but only his devoted wife Kañcanā with him. It was she only who moved onward on the path holding his hand and offered her services to him. The great Emperor Aśoka's son was wandering from village to village with his wife just like a beggar. The prince played on Vīṇā and whatever he got in return they earned their living.

Wandering for many years, he reached Pataliputra. In the night when the prince was playing on Vīṇā, the Emperor recognized his voice. From the palace he rushed to Kuṇāla. After such a long time the Emperor came to know the wickedness of the queen Tiṣyarakṣitā. The Emperor ordered—'At once bury Tiṣyarakṣitā alive under the earth before me.'

Hearing the order of the Emperor and bowing his head on the earth the prince Kuṇāla said—'O my father! She is my mother. I beg you to pardon her. The wonderful forgiveness of the prince astonished the Emperor as well as all others.'



The Unique Sacrifice of Saṁyama Rāya

There was since long enmity between the powerful king of Delhi, Pṛthvīrāja and Parimāla, the king of Mahoba. Getting an opportunity, Parimāla attacked on a troop of Pṛthvīrāja's army and arrested some of his soldiers. When this news spread to Delhi, Pṛthvīrāja was furious with anger. He arrayed his army and invaded on Mahoba.

Parimāla, the king of Mahoba was also very brave. The nobles like Ālhā and Ūdala were there in his army. Even today, people sing of the peerless bravery of Ālhā and Ūdala. Parimāla along with Ālhā-Ūdala and with rest of all other soldiers faced Pṛthvīrāja. It was a very fierce battle. But the braves of Mahoba could not stand before the army of the king Pṛthvīrāja. The king Pṛthvīrāja won the battle. The army of Mahoba was butchered in the battle. Parimāla, too, had to give in. But the army of Delhi was also butchered and even Pṛthvīrāja fell down in the battlefield being wounded.

Truly speaking, it is very difficult to declare which army was the winner one. Generally all the brave warriors of both the sides were lying wounded on the ground. The mere difference was only that Parimāla and his warriors had lost their lives and Pṛthvīrāja and his chieftains were lying wounded on the ground. No doubt, they were alive but they too were wounded, even unable to move their bodies.

When the brave warriors of both the sides fell down either dead or severely wounded, the hustle of the battle was quieted or pacified, the vultures in groups came down from the sky. They began to eat flesh by scratching with


claws the bodies of the dead and wounded persons. They began to scratch their eyes and entrails. The poor wounded soldiers had no escape but to make hue and cry. They had not even the least strength to make themselves run away.

Even the king Pṛthvīrāja was lying wounded among the other wounded ones. He had fainted. A band of vultures came near him also and began to eat by chewing the bodies, lying by his side. The brave noble of Pṛthvīrāja, Saṁyama Rāya had also come with Pṛthvīrāja and being wounded with Pṛthvīrāja he had also fallen down just near him.

The faint of Saṁyama Rāya had gone and he had come to his sense; but he too, was so badly wounded that he could not stand. In the battle, he had become the bodyguard of Pṛthvīrāja deliberately. Lying down on the ground he saw that the band of vultures were moving towards Pṛthvīrāja. He began to think—‘The king Pṛthvīrāja is my Lord. He has always given me due regard. He was always kind to me and favoured me with considerateness. It was my moral duty to sacrifice my own life to safeguard his life in the battlefield. I had become his bodyguard too. It will be a curse to my life if the vultures eat up him by scratching his body before my eyes.’

Saṁyama Rāya tried his best but could not rise up. The vultures had almost reached near Pṛthvīrāja. At last an idea came to his mind. He just lifted the sword lying beside him anyhow slinking away and by cutting the flesh of his body, he began to throw towards the vultures. As the vultures began to get the slice of flesh, they began to consume it by swooping upon it. They stopped scratching the bodies of the men.

Pr̥thvīrāja came into sense after faint had gone. He saw the band of vultures near him. He noticed this also that Saṁyama Rāya was feeding them cutting his bodies. In the meanwhile some soldiers of Pr̥thvīrāja came there. They began to carry on Pr̥thvīrāja and his other wounded nobles; but Saṁyama Rāya had already fed so much flesh of his body to the vultures that he could not be saved. The giver of the flesh to feed the vultures cutting it from his body with his own hands, such a brave, slept in the battlefield forever.



King Hamīra—Protector of a Refugee in Shelter

Those days Allāuddīna was the ruler of Delhi. He had a very favourite and dear chieftain named Mohammada Śāha. The king was very graceful to him and that is why he had become very open and close to the king. One day, while in conversation, taking it lightly, Mohammada Śāha uttered such a word as the king grew red in anger. He ordered to sentence Mohammada Śāha to death.

Hearing the order of the king, Mohammada Śāha was in a frightful suspense. Any how he escaped away from Delhi. He urged to a number of kings to save his life. But no one agreed to give him refuge. No one dared to displease the king.

Overwhelmed by misfortune, Mohammada Śāha went on roaming here and there. At last he went to the royal court of Hamīra, the Cauhāna king of Ranthambhor. He prayed to the king to save his life. The king said—‘The first and foremost moral duty of a Rajput is to protect anyone who comes and begs for shelter. You, be pleased to stay here fearlessly. So long as I am alive, nobody can assail you the least harm.’

Mohammada Śāha began to live in Ranthambhor. When Allāuddīna came to know it, he sent message to the king Hamīra—‘Mohammada Śāha’ is my fugitive. He has been punished to be hanged. Hand him over to me at once.’

The King Hamīra sent the reply—‘Mohammada Śāha

came to me for shelter and I gave him words of promise to provide him protection. It may be possible for me to wage war against the whole world but because of fear or greed, I will not give up the refugee in my shelter.'

Allāuddīna's wrath had no bound after receiving the letter in reply. He felt it insulted. He ordered his army to attack on Ranthambhor just then. The big army of Pathans like swarm of locusts moved on. The army, besieged the fort of Ranthambhor around the area of ten miles. Allāuddīna again sent the message to the king 'to hand over Mohammada Śāha.' The king was in the impression that the king Hamīra would be afraid of seeing his huge army, but the king Hamīra spoke point blank—'I will not hand over the refugee at any cost.'


The war broke out. The army of the king was very big; but the brave Rajputs were ready to fight against death even. Fierce war continued for a number of months. Thousands of warriors of both the sides were killed. At last, Mohammada Śāha, himself appealed to the king Hamīra—'O my msjesty you have suffered much due to me. Now I feel unable to bear the destruction of your warriors. I am willing to surrender to the king.'

The king Hamīra said—'Mohammada Śāha! Never utter such words again. So long as, I am alive, you cannot go from here to the royal king. This is the duty of a Rajput to protect the refugee in shelter. I will fulfil my promise even by sacrificing my life.'

As the time went on passing, the braves of Rajput army continued decreasing. Also the food-shortage began to occur. On the other side, new troops from Delhi were joining to add the army of Allāuddīna day by day. At last,

the food-store of the fort of Ranthambhor went empty. The king Hamīra determined to show the temper of his sword. The Rajput ladies jumped into the burning pyre and all the Rajput braves in safron dress came out opening the main gate of the fort. They were killed fighting against the enemy. Mohammada Śāha too along with the king Hamīra came to the battlefield and was killed in the strife. When the victorious king Allāuddīna entered the fort of Ranthambhor, only the ashes of the burning pyre and embers were found.

Such great and brave persons who sacrificed their all possessions and own-self in the protection of the refugee in shelter, have born on the pious soil of India only in the whole world.



Truthfulness of Raghupati Simha

The army of the Emperor Akabara, had captured Chittaurgarh of Rajputana. Mahārāṇā Pratāpa had taken shelter in the forests of Arawali mountain. Along with Mahārāṇā Pratāpa the Rajput chiefs also had hidden themselves in the forests and hills. Availing the opportunity, Mahārāṇā Pratāpa and his chiefs fell upon the Mughal soldiers and after creating chaos among them, hid themselves in the forests.

The name of one of the chiefs of Mahārāṇā Pratāpa was Raghupati Simha. He was very brave. All alone he used to attack upon the enemy any time and spared them no time to be alert and before the Mughal soldiers could take their position, he used to have killed hundreds of them and then again escaped himself in the forest. The Mughal army had become nervous and panicky due to Raghupati Simha. The general of the Mughal army declared very valuable prize to anyone, who could manage him to be caught.

Raghupati Simha used to roam in the hills and forests. One day, he got the news that his only son is seriously ill and he was about to die in no time. Raghupati Simha grew extremely agitated to meet his son. He saddled his horse and hastened out of the forest and moved towards his home.

The royal force had already surrounded the whole Chittaur. There was a tight watch on every gate. Just he reached the first gate, the guard roared and asked—‘Who are you here?’

Raghupati Simha did not want to tell a lie. He disclosed his name. Then the guard said—‘The general of the army has declared a big prize to arrest you. I will arrest you.’

Raghupati Simha said—‘Brother! My son is ill. He is about to die. I have come to meet him. Let me see the face of my son. Returning after a while, I will come back to you.’


The soldier on the guard’s duty said—‘If you suppose, avoided to come back to me, then?’

Raghupati Simha—‘I assure you with the words of promise that I must come back to you.’

The guard allowed Raghupati Simha to enter the city. He went to his home, met his wife and son, consoled them and came back to the guard. The guard presented him before the general. Being acquainted with the fact, the general asked him—‘Raghupati Simha! Did’nt you know that after having been caught, you would be hanged to death? Why did you come back again to the guard?’

Raghupati Simha said—‘I don’t feel afraid of death. Rajputs never deviate from their words of promise. We never commit any act of treachery to anyone.’

The general was astonished to see the truthfulness of Raghupati Simha. He ordered the guard—‘Set Raghupati Simha free. My innerself does not allow me to kill such a true and brave person.’



The Kindness and Carefulness of the Prince

Candā the eldest prince of Chittaur went out for hunting. He had gone far away with his companions. He decided to pass that night in Shrinathdwar. In the evening when he began to return towards Shrinathdwar, a dead horse lying down the hilly path was seen. The prince said—‘The horse of any traveller has collapsed here. The horse has died today as it seems. The place to stay onward is only Shrinathdwar. Certainly that traveller must have gone there.’

Just reaching Shrinathdwar, the prince tried to search out that traveller first of all. There was the only anxiety in his mind that the traveller must have faced a great trouble due to the death of his horse. The prince was thinking to offer him another horse. But the servants told him that the traveller was not there to be traced out, the prince became more anxious—‘He began to say, ‘Undoubtedly, he has strayed somewhere missing the path. He is supposed to be unacquainted with this country. In night where he would happen to go in the forest. Go in different groups and find him out and bring him here.’

Receiving the order of the prince, his followers set out with the torchlight in different groups, each group comprising four persons to search out the traveller. After long stray, somebody called the members of one of the group. When the members of that group reached him who had called upon, found that an old man and young one were going on foot with a horse loaded with a very heavy luggage. They were nervous and tired. The followers of the

prince said—‘Don’t be afraid of. We have come out to search you.’

The old man uttered in wonder. We are strangers here. Being distressed by misfortune. We have left our homes and started our journey to get the shelter in Shrinathaji. On the way, today, our horse fell down and died. We have missed the way here and we have strayed. Kindly tell me how you have come to search us out.’

The followers said—‘Our prince saw your dead horse. He is highly careful about everything. He understood that you would have missed the path going to Shrinathaji.’

Both the travellers wondered to think of a prince being so much kind and careful. They expressed their gratitude to the prince reaching Shrinathadwar. The prince Candā said—‘This is the duty of every one to remain always careful and cautious and extend the helping hand to the grieved one. I have only fulfilled my duty.’

Sacrifice of Pannā—the Maidservant

Samgrāma Simha, the Mahārāṇā of Chittaur is famous for his bravery. After his death, Vikramāditya became the heir of his throne; but he was not an able administrator. He didn't possess the ability to rule. He had neither intelligence nor bravery. So the nobles and advisers jointly dethroned him after discussion and throned Udaya Simha, the younger son of Mahārāṇā Samgrāma Simha.

At that time Udaya Simha was only six years old. His mother, the queen Karuṇāwatī had already died. A maidservant, named Pannā looked after him. The rein of the state was in the hands of Banavīra, the son of another maidservant. He had been deputed as the guardian of Udaya Simha. The greed of the kingship occurred in his mind. He thought that if Vikramāditya and Udaya Simha were murdered, he would become the king for ever. The rule and administration of the kingdom was obviously already in his hand. One day in the night Banavīra entered the palace with naked sword and he cut down the head of the prince Vikramāditya in his sound sleep.

The remover of the leftover of food, a Berī by caste happened to see Banavīra murdering Vikramāditya. That honest and faithful servant Berī hastened to Pannā and said—'Banavīra must be reaching here to murder Rāṇa Udaya Simha. Find out any scheme to save Rāṇā's life.

How Pannā, the maidservant alone could face Banavīra to restrain him. She had no time also to think of any plan or means. But an idea struck her mind. Udaya Simha was in sound sleep at that time. Pannā lifted him and hid him in a basket covering it with leaf plates and gave it to the Berī

and said—‘Escape out of the palace carrying this basket with you. Then wait and watch me on the bank of the river Vīrā.’

But hiding and removing Udaya Simha even, was not the way out. In case Banavīra had come to know that Udaya Simha had been sent out hidingly, he would get him caught by sending out the horse-riders. Pannā thought of another plan. She had also a son. Her son Candana too was six years old. She made her own son sleep on the bed in place of Udaya Simha and covered his body with a silken cover and sat herself in one corner. When Banavīra came there with a dagger sucked in blood and began to ask—‘Where is Udaya Simha? Pannā pointed out with her finger towards her own son sleeping there without speaking a single word, the murderer Banavīra cut down her son into two pieces with his dagger and went away from there.

The poor Pannā could not shed tears even after sacrificing her own son to protect her master. She had to reach the bank of the river in no time where Berī was waiting and watching her way. Pannā threw the dead body of her son into the river and went away to Mewar having Udaya Simha in her care. She had to stray on different places. At last, the noble of the state Ākāśāha gave her shelter in his house.’

After Udaya Simha was grown up, he occupied the throne of Chittaur. Pannā, the maidservant was alive then. Rāṇā Udaya Simha respected her just like his own mother. Pannā, the maidservant is undoubtedly is a blessed one for sacrificing her own son’s life for the cause of her master.



Sacrifice of Bhāmā Śāha

The army of Akabar had taken Chittaurgarh in occupation. Mahārāṇā Pratāpa with the soldiers of his army and his family members strayed here and there in the forest of Aravali hills. Mahārāṇā Pratāpa and his young ones did not get the leaves of bread made of grass to eat even for two or three days. The royal king of Chittaur and his siblings were habituated of sleeping on the bed of gold and now appeased their hunger chewing the leaves and passed their nights sleeping on the rocks in the caves of the hill. But Mahārāṇā Pratāpa was not the least perturbed with such severe sufferings. He had the only mission, how to set the pious land of Chittaur free from the enemies.

Only the enthusiasm without means is of what use to any one. Bent upon doing something. Mahārāṇā Pratāpa and his other soldiers also could spend merely a few days remaining without food and water, but how the war can be fought without food remaining hungry and thus, how to continue the war for a long time. Money is needed for the horses, arms and weapons, and to provide food to the army men. Mahārāṇā Pratāpa had not even a single penny. His Rajput and Bhīla soldiers were ready to sacrifice also and die for the sake of the country. The brave patriots did not want any salary even; but how the horses were made to be available without money, how to collect arms and weapons and how to make food available for the men and horses. If there was not any possible arrangement even to this extent, how to fight war against the army of the king of Delhi. Mahārāṇā Pratāpa was very much disappointed. At last, one

day Mahārāṇā Pratāpa bade good-bye to his captains and convinced the Bhīlas to go back. Leaving his mother-land dearer than his life, Mahārāṇā was ready to go anywhere out of Rajasthan.

Leaving his captains in tears, when Mahārāṇā was passing through the forest path with his queen and children, a minister of Mahārāṇā Pratāpa, Bhāmā Śāha reached there riding his horse very fast and got down from the horse and burst into tears, having fallen down on his feet—‘Where are you going abandoning us as orphan?’

Mahārāṇā Pratāpa lifted Bhāmā Śāha with both his hands and embraced him. Shedding his tears he said—‘Nowadays, luck does not favour us. What is the use to stay here? That is why I am departing leaving my motherland with the motive to return again to set Chittaur free by reorganizing an army, if some capital is available anywhere. Have patience till then.’

Bhāmā Śāha spoke with folded hands—‘Mahārāṇā! Kindly accept my mere single appeal.’

Rāṇā Pratāpa said very affectionately—Minister! Have I ever rejected your any suggestion?’


Following Bhāmā Śāha, a number of his followers had brought bags of guinea loaded on their horses. Bhāmā Śāha made a very big heap of guineas before Mahārāṇā and urged with folded hands very meekly—‘This entire wealth is yours alone. By the graceful mercy of the kingship of Chittaur only, I myself and my ancestors have collected this wealth. Be kind to accept it and release the country from enemy.’

Mahārāṇā Pratāpa embraced Bhāmā Śāha to his bosom.

Tears began to drop from his eyes. He uttered 'people consider Pratāpa the saviour of the country, but amelioration of pious land of this country is possible by the generous men like you. Really, you are blessed one, O great Bhāmā Śāha!'

By the aid of the wealth, Mahārāṇā Pratāpa reorganized the army and attacked on the Mughal army. Mahārāṇā Pratāpa won a good area of land under the control of Mughals and made Udaipur his capital.

As the bravery of Mahārāṇā Pratāpa is famous in the history of Rajputs, similarly the sacrifice of Bhāmā Śāha is also famous. Such dedicated people are the glory of country.



Brave Chieftain

Rāṇā Amara Simha gifted the Sakatāvata chieftains the right of Harāwala (going ahead) of the army as the prize of fighting the war gallantly against the Mughal army. But the right of Harāwala leading of army was in the hands of Candāwata chieftains. When this fact came to the knowledge of the chieftain of Candāwata, he at once, riding on horse went to Rāṇā and said—‘We have been availing the right of Harāwala in our race since long. I can never give it up.’

The Sakatāvata chieftains were also present there. They said in anger—‘Rāṇā has given us the right of Harāwala. We are leading the army and will not allow anyone else to avail this right.’

Rāṇā saw that both the chieftains were taking daggers out of sheath to fight against each other. So he said—‘The right of Harawal is the right of the brave one. One who will be braver, will be entitled to this right.’

The chieftain of Candāwata roared loudly drawing his sword—‘If anyone has doubt about the bravery of Candāwata, he should come forward to fight.’

The Sakatāvata chieftains also drew their swords. But stopping them, Rāṇā said—‘The Mughal army is all around us. We have to release our country from the clutches of Mughals. In such a situation I don’t want that any one of my captains should give up his life uselessly. I have decided that one who enters the fort of Utala first, will be given the right the post of leading the army.’

All praised the decision of Rāṇā. The fort of Utala was at the distance of eighteen miles from Udaipur on the way

to Chittaur. It was under the rule of Mughal's army. Under the fort a very fast flowing river was there. The fort was at the impassable hill and considered to be invincible. Sakatāvata and Candāwata arranged their army separately and by different directions set out to attack on the fort of Utālā.

The Sakatāvata chieftain reached with his army first. But in hurry they had missed to bring their ropes and ladders. There was no time to return and bring materials because in the meanwhile Candāwata would come and occupy the fort first. So they decided to break the gate of the fort. The Mughal soldiers of the fort began to be butchered like petty things.

In the meanwhile, the captain Candāwata too, happened to reach with his army men. They used the ladders and began to climb over the fort.

Sakatāvata chieftains could not restrain themselves. To break the gate of the fort the elephant was moved onward, but the pointed spikes were fixed at the doors of the gate. The elephant could not butt against it. The Sakatāvata chieftain Acala Simha saw 'Candāwata was now just to reach the top of the wall. He just jumped down from his horse and stood at the gate-door sticking his back at it. He ordered in firm words—'Let the elephant dash against.'


The elephant master trembled. If the elephant dashes against, the death will not spare the captain but Acala Simha found the elephant master hesitating. Then, he said—'Don't you see that Candāwata is constantly climbing up the fort. By swear of the Sakatāvata ordered the elephant to dash.' Fixing his teeth upon the teeth he goaded the elephant.

Roaring loudly the elephant dashed bosom of Acala Simha with its front head. The body of Acala Simha being torn by nails stuck to it; but the door of the gate broke and fell down.

On the other side the chieftain Candāwata just climbing up the fort had seen that the door of the gate had been broken and Sakatāvata was near the victory. Captain Candāwata said to his companion—‘Cut down my head immediately and throw into the fort.’

The cut-head of Candāwata occurred to be in the fort before-hand. The right of leading the troop in the army of Rāṇā was already in the hands of Candāwata as parental and it remained safe as usual; but how to decide and probably, not easy to decide between Sakatāvata and Candāwata captains who were braver.

Those braves to sacrifice their lives smiling to save the honour of the country, race and parentage, are blessed one. Blessed is India, the motherland to give birth to such braves.



Magnanimity of Chatrapati Śivājī Maharaja

Once, in the night, Chatrapati Śivājī Maharaja was sleeping. A lad, aged about thirteen or fourteen years, hiding himself anyhow, reached there in his sleeping room. He drew his dagger out to kill Śivājī, but just as he lifted his hand to use the dagger to kill Śivājī, Tānājī caught hold of his hand from behind. The most faithful commander of Chatrapati Śivājī had already seen that boy earlier and had hidden himself just behind him to watch what he intended to do.

Śivājī just woke up. He asked the boy—‘Who are you? Why did you come here?’

The boy said—‘My name is Mālojī. I had come to murder you.’

Śivājī—‘Why do you want to kill me? What harm have I assailed you?’

Boy—‘You have caused no harm to me. My mother has been starving for many days. We are very poor. Your enemy Subhāgarāya incited me with assurance that he would give me enough wealth if I kill you.’

In the meanwhile Tānājī interrupted—‘Wicked boy! With greed of money you wanted to murder the saviour of Maharashtra ? Now be ready to die.’

The boy did not fear at all. There was no shade of fear on his face. He spoke to Śivājī instead of Tānājī—‘O majesty! I am not the least afraid of death. I am not even worried of death. But my mother is sick and she has passed many days without food. She is on the verge of death. Allow me the chance to visit only once. After bowing

down my head to the feet of my mother, I will waste no time to come back again here before you. I tried to kill you. Now, I am ready to be killed by you; it is justified; but allow me a little time.'

Tānājī said—'You cannot now escape away by deceiving us.'


The boy said—'I will not flee away. I am a Maratha. A Maratha never tells a lie.'

Śivājī permitted him to visit his home. The boy went home. The next day in the morning when Chatrapati Śivājī Maharaja was sitting on his throne in the court, the gatekeeper conveyed the information that a boy wanted to meet the Majesty. The boy was called. He was the same boy Mālojī.

Coming in the court, Mālojī saluted and said—"Your majesty! I am grateful to your kindness. I have come back after visiting my mother. Now sentence me to death."

Chatrapati Śivājī Maharaja stood up from the throne. He embraced the boy and said—"If death-sentence is given to such a true and brave one like you, who will be left to remain in the country? Such young ones like you are the jewel of Maharashtra."

The boy, Mālojī was appointed in the army of Śivājī Maharaja. Chatrapati sent the royal doctor (Rājavidya) for the treatment of his mother and gave him a lot of wealth in gift.



A Patriot

Bundi state was under the control of Chittaur in Rajputana in the days passed; but later on it became free. When Rāṇā of Chittaur became at peace to some extent from the attacks of the Emperor of Delhi, he made up his mind to invade upon Bundi and get back its authority under Chittaur. Having arrayed an army, he sat out and made his halt at Nimornia near Bundi. The king of Bundi, Hāḍā got this news. He took five hundred his selected warriors with him and in the night raided the army of Rāṇā.

The soldiers of Chittaur were unaware. Due to sudden attack, his hundreds of brave warriors were killed. Rāṇā had to give in and came back to Chittaur. This defeat made Rāṇā overpowered by rage. He took a vow—‘I will not consume food and water till the fort of Bundi is tumbled down by me.’

The distance of Bundi from Chittaur is about forty miles. To mobilise the army and reach Bundi would ultimately take time. It was also not certain how long the war would continue. Hearing this very hard promise of Rāṇā, the captains and ministers of Rāṇā became very anxious. They advised to convince the king—‘Your vow is very hard. Bundi is undoubtedly to be won; but give up the promise of not taking food and water till then.’

Rāṇā said—‘Promise means promise. I will not deviate from my promise. I will not let my promise be false.’

At last, the ministers thought of a plan. They thought to make an illusory fort of Bundi in Chittaur and said to Rāṇā—‘Fulfil your promise by dashing down this false fort and accept food and water. Within a few days, say about

three or four days, attack will be made upon Bundi at the opportune moment by organizing the army.'

Rāṇā agreed to the advice of the ministers. The false fort of Bundi was started to be made. Bundi was being ruled by the Rajputs of Hāḍā caste. Some of the Rajputs of Hāḍā caste were there in the army of Chittaur also. The name of the chief of that troop was Kumbhā Vairasī. That day, while Kumbhā was returning from the forest after hunting, he saw the unreal fort of Bundi being prepared. On enquiry, all about the vow of Rāṇā and the piece of advice given by his ministers, came to his knowledge.

Kumbhā spared no time in reaching his camp. He made a gathering of all the Hāḍā Rajputs of his troop. Narrating all about what is happening, he said—'If there is a single true patriot anywhere, he does not tolerate the insult of the national flag or very ideal symbol of his country there, so long as he remains alive. This false copy of the fort of Bundi is being made the symbol of Bundi like the national flag and with the same intention it has been thought to break it down. This is an insult of our motherland. We will not let this insult be made so long as we are alive.'

At the night time when Rāṇājī, with a very small army went there to break the unreal fort, he saw that Kumbhā was standing there in attention with his well arrayed troop with arms and weapons in the protection of that fort. Kumbhā conveyed a message to Rāṇā—'We are your servants. We have been loyal to you. We have enjoyed your salt. We will never oppose you if you attack on Bundi. In any other attack, we can sacrifice our lives smiling in your protection and obedience, but we cannot

see such an insult of our motherland. You cannot break this unreal fort so long as we are alive.'

Rāṇā was enraged. A big war broke out. Rāṇā and his ministers had considered it very easy to break that unreal fort, they had to fight a fierce war for the same.

Rāṇā could break that unreal fort only after when Kumbhā and his companion fell down dead fighting.

After breaking the fort, Rāṇā fulfilled his promise, but he felt a great pain at the death of such a brave like Kumbhā. He gave up the idea of attack on Bundi to pay honourable homage to Kumbhā and calling the king of Bundi, he befriended him.

The patriots and brave like Kumbhā make any country glorious and free.



Honesty of Māhātā Śaisā

Māhātā Śaisā was born in Ceylon. The ancient name of Ceylon is Singhala Dwip. It is called by the name of Lanka also. Māhātā Śaisā had become famous as an ideal man. His childhood had passed in great poverty. His father Diwākara Śaisā was very less educated. He brought up his family by selling the roots and herbs of the forest. To some extent, he provided education to his son, Māhātā Śaisā and trained him in the treatment by herbs and roots.

The period when Diwākara Śaisā died, Ceylon was affected by famine. At that time Māhātā Śaisā was only eighteen years old. The burden to bring up the family fell upon his shoulders. First he was a child, secondly there were other better Ayurvedic physicians also in his village. They bore malice with him and prompted the patients that Māhātā had no knowledge of Ayurvedic medicines. He increases the disease of the patients. Due to these reasons even the little amount of four or eight annas which he used to earn from his physicianship, also stopped. He and his family members had to live only on water at times. His mother grinded the grain of others and his sister made the garland of flowers and sell it. Thus, the family was passing a very hard life. By chance unexpectedly one day, Māhātā received a letter of a famous rich man of Singhal Dwip. The name of that rich man was Loreto Benzamin. The father of Māhātā was the family doctor of Loreto. Loreto was suffering from illness and he had called Māhātā for his treatment. Receiving the letter, Māhātā went to Loreto's village and stayed there for his treatment.

Loreto had a big garden. Some time that garden must have been very grand and attractive but those days, the houses amidst the garden were dilapidated. In the garden, grass and forested bushes had grown. Nobody visited there.

Māhātā often used to go there in the garden in search of herbs.

One day, Māhātā was wandering in the garden in search of herbs. While wandering, his feet sank into the earth at a place. When he saw pointedly with attention, a big copper cauldron was seen burried in the ground. Māhātā removed the earth nearby. A number of cauldrons were seen burried. Hardly he could remove the top cover of one of the cauldron's mouth with great effort, his wonder had no bound to see that the cauldron was full to the top with the guineas of gold.

Māhātā was very poor. All the members of his family had to go on fast again and again due to being in wretched state. There were many cauldrons full of golden coins in front of him and there was none to mark him in that big deserted garden. But the greed could not overwhelm him. He said—'The poor Loreto is diseased due to being worried for wealth. He is in debt. Now he will recover his health. In his land so much wealth of his ancestors is lying burried, was not in his knowledge.'

Māhātā approached Loreto and at the same time, Loreto, himself came there. After the entire wealth was brought to his house, Loreto offered to give two hundred guineas of gold and five hundred rupees to Māhātā. Māhātā said—'I will not accept your wealth. I have not done any favour to you and not thus, obliged you. I have only fulfilled my duty simply.'

The honesty and meek behaviour of Māhātā impressed Loreto very much. In coming days he married his only daughter to Māhātā. In spite of the wedding with the only daughter of a rich man Māhātā did not avail the riches of his father-in-law. He earned with hard labour and passed his time. By his labour and generosity he had become famous and prosperous in Ceylon.

Two Ideal Friends

It is an incident of few years back. Two friends studied in a famous school named Westminster in England. The name of one of them was Nicolus and the second one's name was Bek. Nicolus was lazy, naughty and liar; but Bek was laborious, simple and truthful boy. In spite of it, Bek and Nicolus were very fast friends.

One day, the teacher of the school went out of the class for a while due to some work. The students stopped studying and began to gossip. Naughty Nicolus thought of creating uproar. He threw the mirror fixed on the wall of the class. The mirror broke into pieces.

All the students were startled seeing the mirror broken. Nicolus too, realised that he had committed a great blunder. Due to the fear of being beaten, he sat on his seat quietly and began to read, bowing down his head.

Just entering the classroom, the teacher saw the pieces of the mirror. He was very strict and hard by nature. Rebuking in anger he said—'Who has played this mischief? He should stand up at his place.'

No boy dared to speak out of fear. But the teacher was not to spare the boys easily. He began to enquire from every student one by one, making him to stand up. When the turn of Nicolus came, he also said like other boys—'I have not broken the mirror.'

When Bek found that his friend, Nicolus had told a lie due to the fear of being beaten, he thought that the teacher would certainly find out the splitter. Nicolus will be beaten more for telling a lie. So, I should save my friend. He stood up and said—'The mirror has been broken with my hands!'


All other boys and Nicolus too, were stricken dumb and began to stare at the face of Bek, the teacher took the rod

and began to beat Bek sharply. Blue spots rose up on the body of poor Bek; but he neither wept nor cried.

When the school was over, all the boys surrounded Bek. Nicolus came to him shedding tears from his eyes and said—‘Bek! I will never forget your beneficence. You have turned me to be a human-being today. I will never tell a lie and will never create uproar. Now I will work hard in study.’

Really, Nicolus changed and improved himself from that very day. He began to labour in study. Being grown up, he progressed so much that he was successful in achieving the post of a judge. After forty years, there broke out a strife between the followers of monarchy and democracy. Supporters of monarchy got defeated. Cromwell was the ruler from the democratic front. It was his order to sentence to death to the followers of monarchy. Bek had supported monarchy. He was made prisoner in the war. He was brought before Nicolus, the justice in Ekojistara. Nicolus was the judge. He had to pronounce the death sentence to Bek.

After declaring the death-sentence to Bek, Nicolus was perturbed. At once, he left his seat, rushed up and rode his horse. He had to go to London. London was far away from there. On the way he had to shift the horse thrice. Two nights and one day continuously he remained sitting on the back of the horse. In London, he directly went into the palace of Cromwell. Narrating the story of his friend Bek’s beneficence, he begged for the pardon for his friend. Receiving the pardon letter from Cromwell, again he rode back as previously and he got contentment only then when he handed over the pardon letter to the hands of Bek. Both the friends embraced each other after forty years.



Keeping Up the Words

In a small village of Spain a gardener was engaged in watering the garden and setting right the trees and plants. At the same time a man came to his garden running. That man was tall, his head was naked and his hair were scattered. He had put on a coat. Coming in front of the owner of the garden imploring humbly with folded hands he said—‘Save me, hide me anywhere for a single day. Some are running behind me. They want to kill me.’

That man was trembling with fear and he was glancing towards the gate of the garden turning back again and again with fear. The master of the garden felt pity on him. He pointed out a room to him and said—‘There are lying some useless spades, baskets and other things. Sit down hiding yourself there in that room. I will not disclose anyone about you. I will let you out in the darkness.’

After some time, some people came there carrying the dead body of a youth. The owner of the garden saw that youth and pronouncing loudly, Son! Son! With tears in his eyes stickd to the dead body. That youth was his own son. Today in the morning he had left the house to walk all alone.

Those who had brought the dead body of the youth narrated—‘A man of Kaibelier race strangled his throat and killed him. That wicked, knocking him down and sitting on his bosom, was strangling his throat very tightly. We ran after him but running away, he hid himself anywhere in our village. We were very sorry that we became late in reaching there. We could not save the life of your son.’

There was enmity between the people of Kaibeliar race and other ones of Spain. The men of Kaibeliar race used to kill others in such a way. Those, who had brought


the dead body of his son, described about the feature and colour of the coat of the murderer to the owner of the garden. The owner of the garden sat down holding his head with his hands. He understood that the man whom he had hidden in the room, was none else but the murderer of his son and he had hidden himself there due to fear of being caught after murder. But the owner of the garden uttered not a single word about the murderer.'

The whole day passed in the activities of burying his son's dead body, weeping in grief and hearing and meeting with the well wishers, visiting to console him and his family members. The night fell upon and the darkness spread over. When all were asleep, the owner of the garden came to the garden from his house. He opened the room and said to the man hidden there—'Do you know that the youth, whom you had killed in the day light, was my own son?'

The murderer began to tremble with fear. He became dumb and unable to pronounce even a word out of fear. He thought that now his life could not be saved at any cost. But the owner of the garden said assuring him to remain free from fear—'Don't be afraid of! I have provided you shelter and given you the words of promise to protect you. I will fulfil my words. Select one of my donkeys or mules and flee away from here in the night.'

The murderer fell down at the feet of the owner of the garden and began to weep bitterly. The owner of the garden lifted him up and said—'My dead son cannot be alive again. Don't waste time.'

To fulfil the words of promise such men to forgive even to the murderer of his own son, are called great souls in this world.



Generosity of Philip Sydeny

The English army was confronting against the enemies at the place, named Judefan. The number of the opponents was larger, but it was the zeal and bravery of the chief of English army Philip Sydeny that did not give any hole to the enemy to play any trick. At last, they had to retreat back being defeated.

Undoubtedly, the English army was victorious; but a good number of soldiers were wounded and some others were lying dead. Those who were left safe, were also badly tired and wounded. The bullet had been shot to hit the thigh of the commander-in-chief, Philip Sydeny. His thigh bone had been cracked. He was lying on the ground wounded among the other wounded soldiers.


Due to over bleeding when the body falls in short of blood, he feels too much thirst. The wound of Sydeny Sahib had exuded excess of blood. His throat was parching for want of water. He took out his bottle of water. There was little water in that bottle, but just as he was going to drink the water, his eye sight fell upon a soldier lying down nearby. The soldier was looking at the bottle of water with a fixed gaze.

It was not certain how long the volunteers would take to reach there to provide nursing care and carry them on. It might take time for them to reach there. The throat of Sydeny Sahib was parching for want of water. It seemed that if the water was not available to him he would die. But seeing the soldier having fixed his gaze at the bottle of water, he understood that the soldier was also very

thirsty. He did not dare in hesitation and fear to ask his commander for water.

That soldier also had been shot with bullet. His body had also suffered from over-bleeding. Really, he was also very thirsty. With great difficulty anyhow Philip Sydeny reached the soldier and poured down the whole water of the bottle into mouth of the soldier saying that—‘You need this water more than me.’

Blessed is that commander who showed such generosity and sacrifice for a common soldier.



Liberality of King Maṇīndracandra

There is a small station named Guskara in Bengal. One day the train stopped at the station. The descendents began to alight quickly and the ascendants began to board in the compartment running fast. An old woman got down from the train. She had anyhow brought her bundle near the gate of the compartment by pushing it, but inspite of her great effort she had not been successful in bringing down her bundle. Many passengers boarded in the compartment crossing over her bundle and alighted down. The old woman requested with humility to many to put the bundle on her head; but nobody paid attention to her request. People passed on as if they were deaf. Now the train had to start. The time of the departure of the train came up. The poor old woman began to look here and there being very much disturbed. Tears began to come out of her eyes.

Suddenly, a gentleman sitting in the first class compartment happened to see her pathetic condition. The train had already whistled but he did not care for it. Very swiftly he alighted from his compartment and assisted the old woman by putting the bundle on the head of the old woman. Just as he sat in his compartment going back very swiftly, the train started and moved. Having the bundle on her head, the old woman was blessing him—‘O Son! May God bless you!.’

Do you know the gentleman who put the bundle on the head of the old woman? He was none else but the king of Kasim Bazar, Maṇīndracandra Nandī, who was travelling to Kolkata by that train. Indeed, he was a king, because a king in true sense is not he, who is rich and wealthy and maintains a big army. A king in true sense is he, who is kind by heart and he can help the poor, grieved and downtrodden people. All of you have the right to become such a king. You should make effort to become so.

Why Shyness in doing Our Own Work?

Once a train stopped at a Suburban station in Bengal. Just when the train stopped, well-dressed young man began to call 'Coolie! Coolie!'. The youth was in a fine pant, and his coat was also of the same colour of his pant, there was hat on his head and tie in his neck and his shoe was well-polished and it was shining.

At the Suburban stations the coolies are not found. The poor youth called again and again and was looking out hither and thither in a perplexed way. At the same time a gentleman dressed in a neat and clean simple clothes came there. He brought down the luggage of the young man. The youth considered him a 'coolie', Rebuking him he said—'You people are very lazy. I have been calling since long.'


The gentleman did not reply at all. The youth had only a small hand bag and a small bundle to carry. Carrying these, he followed the youth to his house. After reaching his home, the youth took out some coins out of his pocket to give to the gentleman. But instead of accepting the money, this gentleman said, while returning—'Thanks'.

The youth was astonished very much what kind of coolie is he, who does not accept the money, even after carrying the luggage, offers thanks contrary to it. At the same time the elder brother of the young man arrived there. As he saw the gentleman, he was amazed. He could only utter in astonishment—'You!'

When the young man came to know that he, whom he rebuked considering him a coolie and who had carried his luggage, was none else but he was the famous great man of

Bengal, Pt. Īśwara Candra Vidyāsāgara, he fell down on his feet and began to beg for pardon.

Īśwara Candra lifted him up and said—‘Here, there is nothing to beg for pardon. All of us are Indian. Our country is yet a poor country. Why should we be ashamed of doing our own work with our own hands?’ It is considered a matter of pride, even in the economically developed countries where people do the personal works with their own hands.’



Sir Gurudāsa's Devotion to His Mother

Those days, there was English rule in India. Only a very few Indians could have been appointed on high government posts. At that time Sir Gurudāsa Bandopādhyāya was the senior justice of Calcutta High Court. Side by side he was also the Vice Chancellor of Calcutta University.

Once Sir Gurudāsa was hearing any case sitting in the court. At the same time an old woman arrived there. That old woman had suckled her milk to Gurudāsa in his infancy period. She was his maidservant. Now she had shifted to her rural village. She had not come to Calcutta since long. This time she had come to Calcutta to bathe in the Ganges river on the occasion of the eclipse. After the bath in the Ganges, she thought to meet her own Gurudāsa. After inquiring to many people she had reached the High Court.

A poor old woman of village area in a ragged cloth had come there. Her clothes were also wet due to bath in the Ganges. She had not put on even dry clothes. The peon of the High Court was not permitting her to enter the room and she was insisting on with very meek request and with folded hands—'Brother! Let me meet Gurudāsa'.

All of a sudden, Gurudāsa eyes fell on towards the gate. In no time, he stood up from the chair of justice. Seeing him coming, the peon slipped aside. Gurudāsa lying flat on the ground touched the feet of the dirty dressed old woman. All went on seeing it in amazement. That village old woman was not aware of the importance of the High Court and the status of a judge of the High Court! She began to shed tears

from both of her eyes. She said—‘My Gurudāsa! May you live long, my son!’

‘Sir Gurudāsa said to all—‘She is my mother. She has made me suck her milk in Childhood. Today the court will not function. The cases will be adjourned today. I am going home taking her with me.’ The justice Sir Gurudāsa took that old woman home. Then he welcomed her and served her with great respect.

The maidservant to suckle milk is also just as a mother. Being on such a big post of Judge if he could pay so much due respect to a maidservant, what a great respect he would have been paying to his own mother Swarnamaṇi Devī. Those people, who achieve high and respectable posts after being highly educated and do not pay due regard and honour to their parents and elders of their village and society, are called of mean nature. Good persons are those who don’t feel proud in spite of getting high posts, education and fame. They always remain meek and humble and pay due respect to their elders.

An Honest Merchant

There lived a wholesale merchant of groceries in Calcutta. His name was Rāma Dulāra. The father of Rāma Dulāra was poor previously. In his very childhood Rāma Dulāra's father had passed away. Rāma Dulāra earned money passing his life of hardships and hard labour. And thus, he had spread and established his business. But he was very kind and honest in business.

Once the rate of black pepper came down much low. Rāma Dulāra possessed a number of bags of black pepper; but he did not sell it at the decreased rate. In the same days an European came to him. He said to Rāma Dulāra—'I have excess bags of black pepper will you give me some rupees having pawned some of my bags of black pepper? At present, I am in great need of money.'

Rāma Dulāra said—'I don't do the job of lending money at the security of the bags. If you want I may purchase your bags and pay its cost.'

The European thought that there was the possibility of the price-rise of the black pepper, that is why that big merchant wanted to purchase his black peppers at the then reduced rate; but he was in great need of money. He said—'If you don't lend me money on the security of bags, then, do purchase them. I cannot pull on without money.'

Rāma Dulāra purchased his bags of black peppers and paid him its cost. After two or three days, the rate of black peppers raised up. Rāma Dulāra sold his bags of black peppers and the bags of peppers purchased from the European merchant at the increased high rate. He earned a very handsome profit.

That European had the need of money again. He again came to Rāma Dulāra with the rest of left bags of black

pepper lying with him. Just seeing him, Rāma Dulāra said—‘Sir, I was anxiously watching the way for you to come. Will you like to sell again the black peppers?’

‘The European said—‘Yes, I am again in need of money, please purchase my these remaining bags also.’

Rāma Dulāra got the weight of the bags of black pepper measured and paid its price after calculation. The European did not know that the rate of the black pepper had gone up. He counted the rupees and said in amazement—‘Check your calculation again, you have given me extra rupees.’

Rāma Dulāra said—‘There is no mistake in calculation. You are not aware that the rate of the black pepper has gone up; but it is dishonesty to take advantage of your ignorance. I don’t want to deceive you.’

The European asked about rate of that time and began to calculate on paper with pencil. He counted the rupees and said—‘You have certainly committed any mistake in your calculation. There are much more rupees than the cost.’

Rāma Dulāra again said—‘The rupees are not in excess. There is no mistake even in calculation. First time when you gave me the black peppers, the rate was down, later on the rate increased and I sold that black peppers at the increased rate. That day, you had not come to sell the black pepper. Being compelled due to want of money, you had to sell the black pepper. If I take advantage of your helplessness, it will also be dishonesty and cruelty. What ever the more money I earned by selling that black pepper due to the price-rise, is yours. I am giving the same to you. I was searching you for many days to return you that money.’

The European, being amazed by his honesty said—an Indian merchant is so honest.’

Wonderful Forgiveness

There was a youngman, named Kiśora. He had left his house for business. On the way, he happened to meet a merchant. Both of them made their journey together that day and both slept in the night in the same guest house, side by side. The next day, Kiśora got up earlier. The merchant had not to accompany him. Both had to take the separate ways from there, so Kiśora set forth. He wanted to cover some distance before sun-rise.

Kiśora had hardly moved away for a little distance that some police men running after him came there. In the night some body had murdered the merchant in the guest house. When the police made a search of his bundle, a blood-stained dagger was found in the bundle. Kiśora was stricken-dumb. The police arrested him. He pleaded much that he was quite innocent; but who could rely on his words. He already had eight thousand rupees in his possession. Everyone thought that he had robbed that money after murdering that merchant. He was convicted and the court awarded life-imprisonment for him.

Kiśora was sent to jail. He was very simple and laborious. All the officers and other prisoners of the jail remained always pleased with him. Years after years passed on. He grew old. His hair became white. The skin of his body got wrinkles.

One day some new prisoners came to the jail. When the new prisoners come in to the jail, the old prisoners get their introduction and ask them the reason of their imprisonment.

After inquiry it came to his notice that a prisoner, named Haradayāla, one of the new prisoners, belonged to the same village to which Kiśora belonged. Kiśora asked him about his family members. Haradayāla, too, asked him his introduction because Kiśora was not being recognized due to being very old.

Haradayāla was startled to recognize Kiśora. Kiśora asked. 'Brother! You have come from out side. Could it be found out who was the real murderer of that merchant?.'

Now Haradayāla got startled. He said—except the particular one, from whose bundle the blood stained dagger was found out, how any other one could be the murderer?'

Kiśora became silent. There is a prevalent proverb that there is a clue in the beard of a thief. It seemed to Haradayāla that Kiśora had come to know that the murderer of the merchant was Haradayāla. Possibly Kiśora might disclose the secret before the jail officers and due to this fear, Haradayāla made up his mind to murder Kiśora.


Now, Haradayāla began to make hole in the wall of Kiśora's shell by and by. One day in the night he entered the room of Kiśora through the hole of the wall and seated himself on his bosom giving pressure. But at the same time he heard the sound of the guard's footstep. Haradayāla, at once, escaped away through the hole hurriedly.

The Next day panic broke out in the jail. Somebody had made hole in the room of Kiśora. The guard on watch said that he had seen a man mounted on the bosom of Kiśora, who at once ran away. When the jailor asked Kiśora, he said—'I do know him but I will not disclose his name. He committed an act of sin against me and I have forgiven him.'

When Kiśora returned from the office of the jailor. Haradayāla came to him and fell down on his feet. With tears in his eyes, he said—Kiśora! You are a god. Forgive me. It is I who committed the murder of the merchant. I wanted to commit your murder also that very day but it seemed to me that somebody had woken up. I hid the dagger into your bundle and escaped away. Yesterday in the night also I had entered your shell to commit your murder. Now, I will confess my crime. You will be set free from the jail.

Kiśora said—‘Brother! I have forgiven you. May God pardon you! In natural way, I have completed the period of imprisonment. I am departing to God’s abode.’

Forgiving such a cruel criminal of his own self, Kiśora left this body smiling and went away to the God’s abode.



Patriotism of Japanese Soldiers

The people of Japan are famous for their devotion to their nation and loyalty to the king. The people of Japan consider it a matter of glory to sacrifice their lives smiling for the sake of their nation. Once a war broke out between Japan and Russia. Japan had given defeat to such a big country like Russia at that time. In that war the Japanese soldiers had done many heroic deeds. Two examples of them are being quoted here—

(1)

There was a fort under the authority of Russian soldiers. There was a deep ditch all around the fort and it was full of water. The bridge over the ditch had been destructed by Russians. There were present only a scanty number of Russian soldiers in the fort; But it was not possible to capture the fort without crossing the ditch. That fort was of great importance in strategic war. The Japanese commander-in-chief had no material, means and instruments to construct the bridge over the ditch. There was a fear that the next day, the additional Russian army will arrive there.

After contemplation, the chief said to the soldiers—
'There is no other way but to fill this ditch with the bodies of the men. Those who want to sacrifice their lives for the sake of Japan happily, should move two steps forward.'

The entire army moved forward. There was not a single soldier who wanted to lag behind. The chief asked all of them to declare their number. Then after he ordered for all the fifth one soldiers to put off their uniform and put their arms aside and jump into the ditch. The Japanese soldiers

began to jump boldly into the ditch one after another and the ditch was filled up with their bodies.

On the bridge constructed of the corpse of the patriots and brave soldiers, the army of Japan tread on and they got their heavy and big cannons crossed the ditch over the bridge and captured the fort.

(2)

This incident also relates to the same war between Russia and Japan. The Russian army made an attack on a hill. A small troop of Japanese soldiers and a bulky cannon was there on the hill. The Russian soldiers wanted to possess that cannon because they did not have such a big cannon there. The attack of the Russian soldiers was fierce. They were large in numbers. The Japanese force had to give in and withdrew back. They could not remove their big and heavy cannon from there. The Russian force captured that hill as well as the cannon.

The Japanese artillery men and the driver of that cannon could not tolerate that the Russian soldiers should use this cannon to kill the soldiers of their own side. In the night without any information to anybody, slipping by his belly any how and escaping himself from anybody's glance, climbed up the hill. He did reach there near the cannon but he had no means and way to destroy the cannon. At last, he crept into the barrel of the cannon.

There was heavy snow fall in the night. The artillery man in the barrel felt so chilly cold that his blood seemed to be growing thick in his veins. His each and every vein felt to be burst. He was suffering from excruciating pain in the whole body. Yet he remained there silently pressing teeth upon teeth.

It was morning. The Russian soldiers came near the cannon. They decided to test the cannon. Cannon ball and explosives were filled in the barrel. As the cannon was fired, the Japanese soldier remaining in the barrel, was torn into pieces and the tree in the front of the cannon turned into red by the blood. Blood was flowing through the barrel of the cannon. When the Russian soldiers saw that blood, they began to converse—‘It appears that leaning behind the cannon while going away, the Japanese men had placed any ghost. Now he is spitting out blood. God knows what he will do in the future, we must flee away from here.

Due to the fear of the ghost, the Russian soldiers made their way through the hill leaving the cannon there.

Having sacrificed his own life a Japanese cannon-driver set an example by doing such a heroic deed which could not have been done by an army.
